Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, March 22, 1917 Number

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"EIGHT ALTERNATIVES TO WAR."

Avoid Hasty Action.

1st. We can postpone until the war is over the settlement of any dispute which cannot now be settled by peaceful means.

Keep Out of War-Zone.

2nd. We can keep American citizens off belligerent ships.

No Dealing in Contraband.

3rd. We can refuse clearance to ships of the United States and other neutral countries carrying contraband and passengers on the same ship.

Patriots Have Duties as Well as Rights.

4th. We can repudiate responsibility for American citizens who are willing to jeopardize the nation's peace by traveling as seamen with contraband on American or neutral vessels.

Run No Risks for the Nation.

5th. We can, if necessary, keep all American vessels out of the danger zone for the present, just as the Mayor of a city keeps citizens in their homes when a mob is in possession of the street.

Let the People Speak.

6th. Congress, which has exclusive power to declare war, can submit the declaration to a referendum vote.

A Neutral Conference.

7th. Even if an American ship is sunk **with loss of American lives,** we must not go to war. There is an immediate alternative. We, the greatest neutral nation, should call into conference all the neutrals whose rights are equally affected with our own and determine upon some joint method of maintaining and defending those joint rights. Acting in concert, all the neutral nations may be able to determine upon some method of enforcing their rights without recourse to war.

Stop the War in Europe.

8th. A direct offer of mediation to the European belligerents may be made, either by the United States alone or by the Conference of Neutrals. The Allies have stated terms of peace, the Germans have offered to negotiate; let the neutrals bring them together.

If you are with us, wire your Congressman and Senators to further these plans and keep us out of war

W. I. H.

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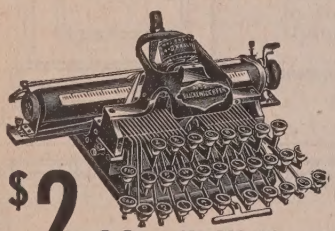

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1917. NUMBER 4

An unprecedented material prosperity has not tended to make us Stoics or Christians. But the laws by which the universe is organized reappear at every point, and will rule it. The end of all political struggle is to establish morality as the basis of all legislation. It is not free institutions, it is not a republic, it is not a democracy, that is the end,—no, but only the means. Morality is the object of government. We want a state of things in which crime shall not pay. This is the consolation on which we rest in the darkness of the future and the afflictions of to-day, that the government of the world is moral, and does forever destroy what is not.

From American Civilization. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

At last the State of Illinois is to have a constitutional convention. The present threadbare rag of a constitution has long since been outgrown, and there is every reason to hope for an emancipation from many of the fetters which have held the State down.

The appointment by President Wilson of William Kent as a member of the Tariff Commission will be hailed with delight, not only by his many friends all over the country, but by the friends of independent politics everywhere. Mr. Kent is a man with a mind of his own, and, what is more rare, a conscience to follow his mind wheresoever it leadeth. If this commission succeeds in keeping the "tariff out of Congress" they will accomplish much. Too long it has been a football between contending parties. That which of necessity is a delicate problem for Science to grapple with has been the cause of unmeasured demoralization in American politics. "Big interests" and "selfish partisan politics" have had their day with the tariff, let us hope. The commission promises high results, and we may depend on William Kent to hold the matter level.

A movement is on foot in Philadelphia to organize a "Peace School" to teach pacifists to hold their own in private conversations and to speak at small meetings. This plan is under the joint auspices of the Pennsylvania Arbitrary and Peace Society, Women's Peace Party, and the Friends' Joint Peace Committee. Classes will meet from 10:30 to 12; from 3:30 to 5 and from 8 to 9:30. Competent teachers have been engaged and the course will occupy two weeks. Among the topics to be considered are the following:

Economic Causes of War.
War and Youth:
Military Training.
Teaching of History.
Presenting Peace Ideals to Children.
Religious and Moral Aspects.
World Organization.
Limitation of Armaments.
The Present Crisis.
The Use of the Voice.
Letter Writing to Papers to Confute Erroneous Statements, and to Congressmen, etc.

"Chicago Women Launch Emergency War Fund!" So runs the ghastly headline that tells of the activities of the "Children's Day Association." War is double-handed as it is red-handed. With one hand the women wave their boys forward, urging them to rush to their slaughter; with the other they hasten with bandage and lint to repair the damage they themselves have encouraged. If all the money, brains, time and enthusiasm invested in warlike preparations were invested in trying to prevent war, to ameliorate hatred, to promote love, the world would soon cease to be bloody, and nations become loving and loyal. Ruskin said: "The women can put an end to war whenever they choose." Ibsen said: "My hope is in the women and the working-men of the world." And still it seems as if many of the women of America are anxious to offer their ghastly quota to those war-maddened leaders who fan this hysteria for "Preparedness." Does Mrs. Catt propose to deliver over her feminine contingency of the suffrage army to this "bloody business"?

"The Life and Times of Booker T. Washington," by B. F. Riley, D. D., with an introduction by Edgar W. Mullins, D. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, published by Revell, is more of an introduction and appreciation than a "Life." It is interesting in many ways, but most significant, because it is a product of Southern white men. These men were enabled to study the life of this negro at short range and through the spectacles of the descendants of those who once owned slaves. Mr. Washington is his own vindication. He disarmed criticism by his achievements. His place is secure in the history of not only the colored man, but of man, his contribution was not simply to *"negro education,"* but a most valuable and unique contribution to *education.* His future triumph is to come, when it is discovered that he is not a unique exception, a man without kin, but that he is one of a kind, albeit a notable representative of the kind. Hundreds of

lesser Booker Washingtons are still alive and are regenerating the colored race, and revising, if not revolutionizing, the estimate of the same by the white brethren, who are slowly overcoming the most obstinate and at the same time most superficial of prejudices; prejudices of race that lead so many people still to estimate humanity in bundles, oblivious of the profound truth that human beings must be studied as individuals, and each one must be allowed to rise or fall on his own merits. This book, in connection with Washington's own autobiography, "Up from Slavery," will do much to help bring about this liberation from prejudice.

There is but one law in war—Necessity. Those who see red when Germany is mentioned seem to forget it. War is the devil's game no matter who plays it, and the devil lets no considerations of humanity interfere with his game. They who would play this game must first sell out to him body and soul and make his laws their laws. So it has come that starvation of the nations is the last order. Starvation means suffering, disease, death, weakened humanity for generations to come. It means the innocent, the sweet, the fine, the noble must die with the base and vile; but what does the devil of war care, for it means victory for the nation that can withstand starvation longest. So Germany has her U-boats to starve the Allies, as the Allies have their ways of starving Germany and Austria. Horror upon horror, crime upon crime, as is always the way in war, yet we are hurrying to be ready so if we too see fit to play the devil's game we will be able to play it devilishly well. To what end? National honor and the cause of freedom, so we are told. As the Russians are struggling to get into the hands of the people, a very untrained and ignorant people we are led to believe, struggling for the right to make their own laws and decide their own fate, we are impatient with any delay, so eager are we to place more and more power in the hands of one man, our President. Suppose he is wise and right-minded and seems to want to follow the will of the people, he is for a short four years only; others will follow him without any of his saving qualities. Are we wise in impaling for public scorn and derision the twelve men who did what little they could to prevent giving one man the power to make and declare war? They did not do it for political aggrandizement, we may be sure. They did not do it for the joy of the scorn and hatred they knew must follow, at this time when no one is quite responsible; nor did they do it just to be doing, for they knew the majority would have their way as they have done. They must have done what they did because they thought they were right. All honor to men in any place at any time who will, for conviction's sake, stand up and stand out, accept the scorn and bitter criticism, be misunderstood and misinterpreted, that at least takes courage of a sort that is sadly lacking in these days when the only courage that counts is force. If we are wise we will withhold judgment till the present hysteria for preparedness is over and the war spirit has given way to human justice and good will; then in calmness we may judge if they were enemies or friends of this our democratic government of the people, for the people and by the people. O. C. S.

Russia sober! Russia free! Russia on the high road to democracy! Russia sending out the call to her sons and daughters in prisons and in exile, "Come home; we need you now to help shape the new Russia of which you dreamed and for which you have suffered." They are going home from prisons, from professors' chairs, from editorial desks and lecture platforms. Over night the brutal, low-browed, untaught, superstitious Russia, the terror of all Europe after the war should end, has disappeared; in its place stands forth a Russia eager, hopeful, determined to know and to be free. As the Russia of yesterday was the terror of those who hoped for freedom, so the Russia as it emerges today is the dismay of those who hope to rule by force. "The Lord maketh the wrath of men to praise him." Not the God of nations, the Lord of hosts, but the Father of all, guiding his children whether they will or no, to that perfect humanity towards which all creation runs. Think of Russia and China alive, hopefully seeking freedom and democracy. The beautiful moth struggling out of its ugly brown cocoon is not more surprising. We are numbed to shocks. We have had more the last three years than human nature can respond to, but we are not numbed to thrills.

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

The oppressed the world over must feel as the man on the street who exclaimed as he read the news, "Oh, isn't it great? I tell you we are coming into our own." Humanity coming into her own! Let humanity in Russia and China, with their ideas of simplicity, with the eagerness of those who have long been shut out from a coveted good, start to obtain all human good, then may the efficient, the rich, the self-satisfied, the luxurious nations tremble? Their very ignorance will make them humble, their humility will make them wise. Even now we read their leaders say "the ideals of the founders of the United States have not been carried out there, but here we will see that we are true to the ideals of Washington, Jefferson and Franklin." Is it because Russia is sober that the revo-

lution is being carried to a successful end with almost no bloodshed? If it is not *the* cause it must be a large contributing cause. We are too astonished as yet to do more than exclaim with the rest of the world, What next! Surely the German people will not longer be moved about as pawns in the game of their rulers. If they must fight and die they, too, will choose to say when and why. If we could but withdraw from this wonderful human history that is making so fast these days, we would see the steady purposeful shaping of the humans into humanity, the merging of nations and their selfish interests into the great international human interests. Because of us, with our help, if so we choose to help, or in spite of us, democracy will prevail and freedom to an equal chance be achieved.

O. C. S.

Something New to Think About

Professor Frederick Starr has already spoken a commendatory word in UNITY of Chester Lloyd Jones's book on "The Caribbean Interest of the United States" (Appleton's), but the editor, fresh from the reading of the same, is moved to add his testimony to the learned quality and absorbing interest of this book. The book is shot through and through with "facts and figures." Statistical tables are frequent, displaying great labor in the collation and revealing startling facts. Here is a neglected section of the world, full of ethical and humanitarian interest as well as commercial opportunities and financial obligations to the United States. All these shadowy islands of the Central Seas assume formidable proportions as we traverse these pages. How startling it is to be informed that Costa Rica combines an area equal to Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island, while its population is only that of Delaware or that of New Mexico. Salvador is as big as Connecticut and Delaware; Guatemala as big as Louisiana, Honduras is almost as big as New York, and Colombia covers an area ten times the size of New York, and larger than France, Germany, Denmark, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Belgium combined.

It is interesting to learn that a few of the "Caribs" whom Columbus first discovered are still left, and that the great bulk of the population in this Central American world are neither Saxon nor Teuton, not even of the white race. These countries are largely peopled by the black and red races and a mixture thereof. Ninety per cent of the population of Venezuela, for instance, are not white. And still, from the hands of these colored brethren come the contributions to the luxuries as well as the necessities of the United States which in their aggregation seem stupendous. An average of ten pounds of coffee per annum is consumed by every inhabitant of the United States. Sixty-five bananas a year is the portion of every man, woman and child in the United States. And then there is the sugar, the cocoa, the iron, the cattle and the oil coming to us from the much-neglected and still more despised people of tropic America. This book shows how easy it is for the United States to play the part of Big Brother without guns and battleships, and how much such a service is needed and promptly appreciated.

When the Parisians grew restless during the absence of Napoleon on his foolish campaigns in Egypt, that wise captain of war sent back orders to have the dome of the Invalides gilded so as to give them something to think about, some real home interest. By the same token it would be a beneficent movement that would induce the panic-stricken American citizen now suffering from a hysteria of apprehension about Germany, to read this book on the Caribbean world. It would be a benignant decree of the Government that would compel all editors as a penalty for the yellow exaggerations in their journals to read this book plumb through, that they may get a more adequate sense of what internationalism means and the opportunity it offers to America, and the inspirations of the United States.

Who Desecrates the Flag?

A New York judge has sentenced the Reverend Bouck White to thirty days imprisonment and a hundred dollars fine because, in the line of his religious conviction, with impressive ceremony and with solemn purpose he, with others, took part in an international service at which the flags of many nations were consumed in the interests of the one flag of all nations. It was a service touched with Oriental symbolism. It was an attempt to make graphic the message which all men profess to find in the Bible, but which so few are willing to apply to national affairs and in the interests of international amity. With these men the brotherhood of man was a real conviction. It was a present inspiration to the few people of many nationalities that gathered round the cauldron to celebrate the brotherhood of nations as well as of individuals.

All agree that these men were in earnest. All agree that the message which they tried to teach was a commendable one. All agree that these men believed that this message was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, and what is more, enforced by His death on Calvary.

The New York jury and judge, in passing this sentence, condemned this ideal, rebuked their faith and

denounced their ardor. When the judge, in passing the sentence, regretted that the law did not make the days years, implying that he would be glad to confine Mr. White for thirty years, rather than thirty days, he passed a Russian sentence on these citizens of the United States. When the judge was through with his verdict there must have been felt in that court-room a Siberian chill, a suggestion of iron fetters and the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Tested by the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence, to say nothing of the New Testament, tried by the spirit of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Thomas Paine and Lincoln, not to mention Jesus, we ask which offered the greatest indignity to the flag: the judge on the bench or the accused at the bar?

In the early days of the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago a neighbor was greatly incensed over an "indignity unintentionally offered to the Flag" because the janitor neglected to take it down at sunset and allowed the bunting to flap in the winds the lonesome night through. While this indignant patriot, who withheld his name, was roundly denouncing the unpatriotic act at that very time, as ever since, the Stars and Stripes in that neighborhood were flaunted in public gaze where the grossest immoralities were practiced. Places of drunkenness, gambling and sexual debauchery in the neighborhood were free to use the Stars and Stripes on all occasions. Then as now "Old Glory" was kept floating over great business concerns where women and children were overworked and oftentimes underfed, where greed made some very rich and kept others very poor, where foreigners lured hither by the promise of a land that was to be "the home of the brave and the free" were treated with scant justice, disposed of as "scum of the earth." Loud-mouthed politicians waved the flag in the interests of partisan prejudices and selfish motives, but no judge arraigned them, no "patriot" resented this defamation of the flag.

Doubtless the New York judge was actuated by "patriotic" motives. It is natural that from the standpoint of such judicial narrowness he should be afraid of foreign uprisings and a relapse to the bitterness and resentment which break through tyranny in the elder world. Was there no kindly bailiff or clear-eyed sister in court to whisper into the judicial ear that he was instituting the very court standards that drove some of these internationalists across the seas?

We hope that Mr. White and his followers will accept with becoming dignity the verdict, knowing that the tyrant has more to fear than the tyrannized. In this case the bed in the jail will give a quieter sleep than the bed in the judicial mansion. Better iron grates and an open mind than downy couches with dogmatic bitterness and a narrowness that makes "patriotism" a reproach and disgraces the Flag. Who most desecrated the Flag in New York, the judge or the accused?

AN UNCROWNED QUEEN.

(*To Helen on her Birthday.*)

The fire burns low on the embers
As the lights of the evening fade;
And my queen sits there, in her raiment fair
With the songs that our poets have made.

These songs have been sung of fair women,
The women of fame and renown;
But I would sing one, in golden tongue,
To this queen in her queenly gown.

Had I a song I would sing it long—
Her worth is beyond compare;
She should be on a throne, with flowers strewn,
This queen in her raiment fair.

The rose should speak of her beauty;
Her soul like the lily fair;
And the violet blue, her heart so true,
With its love enfolded there.

Her thoughts are held in the pansies' fold—
They are high, they are rich, they are true;
And forget-me-nots sigh for the blue in her eye
They have captured the Heaven's own blue.

The sunlight should speak of her gladness;
Her smile by the rainbow is known,
And the song of the bird should echo its word
As it voices in silvery tone.

This queen is the fairest of women,
With flowers I crown her so rare;
A gem in its purest setting,
My queen-crowned Helen, my fair.

GERTRUDE F. SANDERSON.

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE WORLD

O, "Little Brother of the World"—
Thus pagan hailed Thee long ago,
When first he heard the wondrous tale
Of newborn Babe in manger low—
Hast Thou no word for multitudes,
With dripping sword and threatening lance,
When Hymn of Hate dark thought obtrudes,
Where pity writhes 'neath hatred's glance?

With lance and sword of old they fought,
And man by brother man was slain,
And age has followed age for naught
If blood for blood yet falls like rain.
O "Little Brother of the World"
Shamefaced we turn from dripping sword
And seek the banner Love unfurled
Nor ask, nor take else for reward.

We fain would turn from strife and war,
From battles fierce by anger stirred,
O, "Little Brother of the World"
Give us to know Thy master-word!
We hail Thee—Fellow Son of God!
We crown thee—Fellow Son of man!
We pledge Thee 'neath the chastening rod,
To yield us to Thy better plan.

O, "Little Brother of the World"
Speak to us from the heights above.
The challenge still by hate is hurled,
Teach us that Victory comes through Love.

C. SEYMOUR BULLOCK.

London, England.

THE PULPIT

Genesis—Beginnings

A Hebrew Idyl of the Fourth Century B. C. Brought Down to Date

VI.

Social Responsibility

Sermon Preached December 17, 1916, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Prepare our hearts, Father, for the glad season; attune our minds for this hopeful day. Do so, Father, by revealing to us our kinship. Banish all selfishness from our hearts as we sing of Christmas joys, that our souls may give welcome to all the children of all Thy world. Father, help us to love our kind, to believe in our human kinship, to trust the instincts that ever surge toward Thee. Help us to believe in those who differ from us; bridge, O Thou Infinite One, the cruel chasm of our prejudices. Help us to realize the agony which Thy wayward children bring to themselves and others when they walk the wayward paths of cruelty and brutality. Bring Thy peace, Father, into our hearts. Banish hatred from our homes. Hasten the day when all men shall know Thee as Father and recognize one another as brothers and sisters. Amen.

And the man knew Eve his wife; and she conceived and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man by the help of Jehovah. And again she bare his brother Abel. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And in process of time it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto Jehovah. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And Jehovah had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth. . . . And Cain told Abel his brother. And it came to pass when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him.

And Jehovah said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now cursed art thou from the ground, which hath opened its mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee its strength; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto Jehovah, My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the ground; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth; and it will come to pass, that whosoever findeth me will slay me. And Jehovah said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And Jehovah appointed a sign for Cain, lest any finding him should smite him. Genesis iv:1-16.

We come to the last of the six studies of this Genesis Song of Creation brought down to date. "Am I my brother's keeper?" What is our social responsibility? There are those who try to interpret life in terms of matter, who would fain believe that the conditions of life are physical. They assume that selfishness is the fundamental law of the human life as of other lives. "Get all you can and hold what you get": "Everybody for himself and the Devil take the hindmost," are familiar axioms, spoken in jest, but too often well lived up to.

There are others who are constrained to interpret life in mutual helpfulness, terms of spirit that demands sympathy and love; who believe that there are forces beneath and beyond matter, unseen but ever present and unconquerable.

Now whichever interpretation you choose, we are still our "brother's keeper," and there can be no evasion of this responsibility. Looking at life from the standpoint of utmost selfishness, we still are "our brother's keeper" in the interest of our own well-being if not of his. No home is safe built in a slum. No child is safe in a neighborhood of vice. No life can be joyous when haunted with the misery of others. So, even on the lowest levels of selfishness, admitting that greed and gain are necessities of progress, our interests are promptly lifted into the plural number. Our own sanitation is dependent upon the sanitary conditions of our neighborhood.

If we take the other interpretation of life, the upward climb which I have tried to describe in the study of the Hebrew Song of Creation, we find a steady climb more and more out of the singular into the plural number, more and more out of anxieties for ourselves into a care for the well-being of others. In this upward climb we discover that *"noblesse oblige,"* "nobility obligated," is the stern law of the court as well as of the church, when interpreted in terms of sympathy and love.

Victor Hugo said, "The heaven of the rich is builded upon the hell of the poor." But what if it should turn out that the heaven of the rich is hell and that the hell of the poor is shot through and through with heavenly gleams, for "Where Love is there God is," as Tolstoy taught in his deathless parable. The law of self is the law of the jungle, the law of the community is the law of the fireside. The law of the fireside steadily and surely enriches and expands with the growth of knowledge and with the deepening of human experience. It is a narrow interpretation of life and a cheap estimate of religion that sings a home song to the exclusion of neighborhood children and neighborhood suffering.

> O Lord, bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife,
> Us four and no more,
> O Lord, amen,

is the creed of the jungle. The wolf has traveled as far as that; the fox is devoted to his own fireside and guards it with consummate skill, ministering to it with astonishing efficiency and amazing courage. But with man, when he appears, the horizon of his family widens until he finds that his well-being is intimately connected with the well-being of all other sentient beings.

The marvelous November number of the *National Geographic Magazine* sets forth in color, form and text the story of the large mammals of North America. It is a scientific study by scientific men. It tells how the great bull elks of the Rocky Mountains travel the high mountain ranges from one end to the other with the approach of the heavy storms of snow, and drive the young and the females before them in large herds down into the lower levels where life may endure or escape the severe storms that would be

fatal to all elks. This magazine also tells us that the fox and the beaver mate for life. From the vigilance of the bull elks, that exercise a care for the inexperienced and the less efficient, there is no break until we come into the recent efforts of man to co-ordinate his life with the life of his fellows all around the globe.

"Cain, where is thy brother?" "Oh, *my* people are all very comfortable, thank you. I have taken care of *my* family; yes, and my wife's family. No cousins or uncles or aunts of ours are omitted."

"Cain, where is thy brother?" "Oh, I have taken care of our town. I have founded a 'benevolent fund,' and I have attended elections, and our town is safe, thank you."

"Cain, where is thy brother?" "Well, I have recently become interested in all English speaking peoples; I feel the ties that bind me to the Anglo-Saxon race; I want to see this race win, thank you."

"Cain, where is thy brother?" "But I have nothing in common with the Tuetons; they are impossible. Out with Kaiser, and away with the German empire!"

"Cain, where is thy brother?" Is it not possible that Teutons as well as Saxons have hearts that bleed in this dire extremity? Is it not possible that mothers' hearts are broken and that their agony is expressed in the gutturals of Germany as well as in the halting syllables of the English?

"Cain, where is thy brother?" "I have tried hard to enlarge the circles of my sympathies until they include all lovers of Christ and all those who are willing to accept the terms of salvation. I am prepared to welcome to heaven all the followers of the Lamb. I am a Christian."

"Cain, O Cain, where is thy brother?" Is it not possible that the mild children of the far East are thy brothers; that those who gather around the bloodless altars of Buddha and Confucius are treading in the path of Virtue, laid down four centuries before the Beatitudes were uttered?

"Cain, where is thy brother?"

So the demand has gone on and is still going on until that which began in the vigilance of the bull elk on the solitary heights of the Rocky Mountains includes all the animate children of God, bound to us by the stern law of the physical, and wedded to us by the high and superior law of love, service and righteousness.

To bring the Cain demand down to date is a step toward the solution of the hot questions of labor and social economics that confront our times. Any attempt to interpret the Genesis story in terms unrelated to the social, ethical and economic demands of today will visit upon the interpreter the penalty of stupidity, the burden of ignorance, the pains of hell of the fortunate and the "favored" who are isolated from the amenities of life by their own selfishness.

Last week I tried to show that labor was the highest achievement of man. It is touching to realize that out of the sweat of Cain's labor first came into current use the word "International." This is still a suspected word, but it is a word by which coming generations will conjure on their upward march into peace and prosperity.

The sweaty blacksmiths of Europe, meeting in London in '69 or '70, heard the call, "Cain, where is thy brother?" The answer came across the channel from the valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine, and across the wide seas from New York, and Amsterdam, Berlin and Paris joined a year later in London in calling the First International Congress of Labor. Humanity took a new hold of its ideals in that call. Human nature took a fresh step forward because in that call it had dared to answer the call of Cain in terms of international sympathy and trans-oceanic interests.

"Cain, where is thy brother?" came the voice bringing to the grape growers of California a realization that their brothers were wherever there was a man tilling the soil. As a result, the International Congress of Agriculturalists was organized, and from many of the countries of Europe came those who joined with America and the far East in studying together the problems of agriculture. They came recognizing the common interests that bind the raisers of wheat and corn in whatever lands they are found, the common interests of all those who love chickens and horses and all the paraphernalia that makes the farm-yard ethical, beautiful, economic and religious. Out of the demand of Cain came the first international congress in the interests of labor, with all of these modern perplexities, the combinations of labor, union labor. These combinations may be demoralizing to the industries, they may be a clumsy way to find efficiency, but back of it all lies the imperative law of brotherhood that compels the toilers to stand together.

Labor Unions are justified if they have no other purpose than that of showing that they deal with another union far more strong and far more effective than their own. The most successful union that is now open to study is the union of capital. Capital is, as I said last week, the labor of yesterday, and if capital is successful in establishing such subtle organization, such effective combination, such masterful potency, there is nothing left but for the less efficient and comparatively helpless laborers to do the best they can to meet the combination of the soulless something we call "capital."

But it takes little religion and less political economy to discover that here is a household divided against itself, when the sweat of today and the sweat of yesterday meet in deadly combat and these organizations are studying and the toilers of war practicing because there is no light that shows the common interests of employer and employe. That cannot be good for the one that is not good for the other and that cannot help the one that is not helpful to the other.

So the economic world of today is considering the next great synthesis, waiting for the next answer to this Cain call, which will compel by outward and inward attraction a combination of employers and the employes pledged to stand by their common interests, committed to the vision of solidarity. Woe to the capitalist who assumes that by military methods and the strategy of war he can continue the cruel division between employer and employe, and woe to the men and women in the sweatshops and mills who think that by the methods of war, the logic of battle, they can win the justice, prosperity and "living wage" which is their humble demand. War in the economic world, like war everywhere, is of the brute. This is why I am in such perplexity as to how to adjust my profound sympathy with labor in its struggle for justice and yet withhold from it my endorsement when it throws down the gage of battle. I recognize the apparent triumph on battle lines. I know how strikes

have seemed to bring to the toilers release and ease and progress. I would not try to disprove the logic of the strike by argument but I must fall back upon the fundamental postulate that, as Washington Gladden says, love is the law of progress, not an accessory, but the law of life. And every violation of that law, every act that conjures up hatred and antagonism is a blow at the well-being of the world and a check to progress. We must interpret the law of labor in terms of fraternity.

Since the dawn of civilization man's productive power has increased almost in geometric ration while the race itself has increased only in arithmetical ratio. This postulate is every day made clearer and clearer by economic science. We are slowly evolving from our depravities. Notwithstanding the bloody two years and more just past we have been making progress because man now holds the resources of nature more firmly in hand than ever before. The fields are held in better control, the energies of air, water and soil are more responsive to the demands of science. Even now, in the midst of all this wicked waste, there is enough for all of us if only we played the game of life fairly. There is plenty to go around if we were willing to recognize the law of the fireside as superior to the law of the jungle. Poverty, want, shame, disgrace and crime, so far as they rest on economic foundations, come from the congestion of goods somewhere. The law of just distribution has broken down under the selfish manipulation of the few. There is the finished product of field and shop, be it cotton, iron, wool, or what not, the complex products of human industry. Here are the would-be purchasers. They need the products, but in the process of transmission from producer to consumer there has been placed a terrible obstruction. Between these points massive fortunes have been gathered. Between the producer, still in sweat and overalls, and the consumer, still cold and ill-fed, are processions of automobiles, weary miles of "Lake Shore Drives," "Avenues" and "Boulevards," lined with palatial homes where children die from luxury, grow weak from indulgence, and grow up to face the world with helpless hands and stupid hearts. All because somebody has not played the game of life fairly.

The Federal Commission of Industrial Relations reported a few months ago that two per cent of the residents of the United States hold 60 per cent of the wealth of the nation. This report divided the nation into three classes: The first class, the rich, the 2 per cent of the population holding 60 per cent of the wealth of the United States; the middle class, 33 per cent of the population, owning 35 per cent of the wealth; and the poor, *65 per cent,* owning only 5 per cent.

The largest private owner in the United States, it is estimated, requires twelve ciphers to place at the right of the figure one in order to indicate his wealth, which equals the wealth of two and one-half million other citizens of the United States. Two and a half million men balanced by one man in their possessions of this world's goods. Here again is mal distribution. Somebody has violated the laws of the game as laid down in the decrees of justice and the demands of love.

There are two ways in which this distribution can be made more just. I believe mightily in the growth of good will in the world. The papers this morning, like nearly every other morning, give startling figures of the amount of wealth handed out by the employer into the hands of the employe. Every now and then we find a "Capitalist," so called, who realizes that he is dealing, not with his own, but that he holds his wealth by permission. He is trustee to posterity by inheritance or self-appointment; he is the possessor of a title to a wealth he never wholly made, representing resources that he never contributed, and his conscience problems grow out of the perplexities of the situation. Now religion steps in and demands a reconstruction of responsibility. I believe that many of the wrongs of the world, among them the ill adjustment of wealth, will in time be righted by the voluntary initiation of the intelligent captain of industry who, soon or late, must recognize that he himself is an employe, and that he himself is conditioned by the same principles of conduct as his meanest fellow laborer.

I recently read a story somewhere in which an employer called his employes together and informed them that he had introduced the necessary rest room and that there were bath tubs to be installed in his factory. But one man, instead of responding with applause, said, "Very well, sir, but we need some bath tubs in our houses." The comment of the employer was, "Next, they will want pianos!" Yes, pianos. Why not! If toil, the investment of brain and muscle, fused in honest sweat, can bring such a mountainous surplus, why not pianos wherever there is a soul susceptible to harmony? Why not bath tubs in the homes of the laborer when so many of them are needed in the palaces of the employers of labor? "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared" for the toiler. The kingdom of heaven comes with kindliness, and kindliness comes with diligence, and all these call for their share in the wealth of the world.

Cain, where is thy brother? Two great mistakes must be corrected. Two terrible wrongs must be righted. First, the unwise and unjust exploitation of the resources of the earth, the devastation of nature under the law of the jungle that has already denuded what was once supposed to be the inexhaustible forests of the United States, that has already grabbed vast areas of the United States territory of most fertile soil for individual exploitation, that has probed into the bowels of the earth and discovered there great wealth and claimed everything within reach. And the law of the land stands by and sustains these plunderers of God's Eminent Domain. An adventurous explorer haunts the wilds of the mountains with his pick and shovel, sleeps under the naked sky exposed to the inclemency of winter and danger from wild beasts, and after a while, perhaps, he strikes a vein rich in copper, silver or gold. A banker in San Francisco stakes the find and claims it. And, forever after, that banker and his descendants lay claim to everything that hole leads to under ground and become a part of that monopoly that requires twelve ciphers to indicate the accumulation.

This is the story of the exploiters of oil, iron, gold, silver, copper, that enter into the wealth of the world. No more surely are the dews of heaven the common inheritance of the children of God than are the hidden resources of the earth. Rivers have torn their way through the mountains for generations, calling on

intelligent men to use them. When human ingenuity and human nerve make common cause with the resources of nature, of course there is a human investment and a human right, but there must be some limit to that right.

In Italy the title to land goes down only twenty feet. Everything below that depth still belongs to the state, and even within the twenty feet you cannot dig your own cellar without an officer of the government to watch you, and if, perchance, you come upon any human product, a fragment of a column, vase, remnant of statuary, a torso, or a gem or a cup, it belongs to the state and not to the man who bought the land, for the discovered wealth could not have been anticipated by vote or by deed of transmission.

So there is coming a time when the law of the fireside will conserve the wealth of nature for the benefit of all men, and they who go forth with energy to master these forces become partners in the great industry, entitled to full reward but not to the interruption of the laws of distribution as required by laws of the game, the laws of God.

Scott Nearing counts four ways in which these hereditary chieftains, these special exploiters of nature, may help in the distribution of the wealth which belongs equally to all and give back to the toiler his joy in toil. He says: Give to laboring men a living wage, put them to work under proper conditions, cease to exploit them, release the children from the burden of toil. Our legislation is still vitiated by the lack of observation of these four simple, obvious rules, which would doubtless be a menace to some of our banks and would annoy some of our conservatives; but if the signs of the times prove anything, they prove that we are coming more and more into a mutual desire to play the game of life more fairly and to recognize all men as common inheritors of the far-reaching bounties of nature. Gold and silver and copper in the crevices of the rocks are remote products of the sun. We may not yet understand the method of their production, but we know they are allied to the resources of the sun; and the sun that shines today is no more a part of the divine bounty held in store for our development, as I believe are light and love, than the packed sunlight, hidden away in the fissures of the mountains, melted there and solidified again unnumbered aeons before man appeared upon the earth. They are the resources of man, the resources of religion.

Washington Gladden has recently said that Josephine Preston Peabody's "Singing Man" is one of the greatest poems of the day. I wish I could have the privilege of reading this entire poem to you. It would be a blessed hour if you would only listen. Miss Peabody tells of the man who used to sing in the vineyards of the world:

He sang above the vineyards of the world.
  And after him the vines with woven hands
Clambered and clung, and everywhere unfurled
  Triumphing green above the barren lands;
Till high as gardens grow, he climbed, he stood,
  Sun-crowned with life and strength, and singing toil,
And looked upon his work; and it was good—
  The corn, the wine, the oil.

* * * * *

He sang; above the burden and the heat,
  Above all seasons with their fitful grace;
Above the chance and change that led his feet
  To this last ambush of the Market-place.
"Enough for him," they said—and still they say—
  "A crust with air to breathe, and sun to shine;
He asks no more!"—Before they took away
  The corn, the oil, the wine.

He sang. No more he sings now, anywhere.
  Light was enough, before he was undone.
They knew it well, who took away the air,
  —Who took away the sun;
Who took, to serve their soul-devouring greed,
  Himself, his breath, his bread—the goad of toil;—
Who have and hold, before the eyes of Need,
  The corn, the wine, the oil!

Truly, one thing is sweet
  Of things beneath the Sun;
This, that a man should earn his bread and eat,
  Rejoicing in his work which he hath done.
What shall be sung or said
  Of desolate deceit,
When others take his bread;
  His and his children's bread?
    And the laborer hath none.
    This, for his portion now, of all that he hath done.
  He earns; and others eat.
  He starves—they sit at meat
    Who have taken away the Sun.

Seek him now, that singing Man.
Look for him,
Look for him
In the mills,
In the mines;
Where the very daylight pines,—
He, who once did walk the hills!
You shall find him, if you scan
Shapes all unbefitting Man,
Bodies warped, and faces dim.
In the mines; in the mills
Where the ceaseless thunder fills
Spaces of the human brain
Till all thought is turned to pain.
Where the skirl of wheel on wheel,
Grinding him who is their tool,
Makes the shattered senses reel
To the numbness of the fool.
Perisht thought, and halting tongue—
(Once it spoke—once it sung!)
Live to hunger, dead to song,
Only heart-beats loud with wrong
Hammer on,—*How long?*
. . . *How long?—How long?*

* * * * *

Why he labors under ban
That denies him for a man.
Why his utmost drop of blood
Buys for him no human good;
Why his utmost urge of strength
Only lets Them starve at length;—
Will not let him starve alone;
He must watch, and see his own
Fade and fail, and starve, and die.

. . . *Why?—Why?*

* * * * *

Seek him yet. Search for him!
You shall find him, spent and grim;
In the prisons, where we pen
These unsightly shards of men.
Sheltered fast;
Housed at length;
Clothed and fed, no matter how!—
Where the householders, aghast,
Measure in his broken strength
Naught but power for evil, now.

* * * * *

Must it be?—Must we then
Render back to God again
This, His broken work, this thing,
For His man that once did sing?

Will not all our wonders do?
Gifts we stored the ages through,
(Trusting that He had forgot)—
Gifts the Lord required not?

* * * * *

Cry, from the deep of world-accusing waves,
With longing more than all since Light began,
Above the nations—underneath the graves—
"Give back the Singing Man!"

This returning song is not to come from an escape from labor, from breaking our machines, from reducing our combinations; let us combine and give God the praise; but through more and still more powerful combinations there will be produced enough of the wealth of the world to go around. The dirty work of the world, for there is dirty work, the sweating work of the world, for there must be sweat work, the hard, physical lift of man must still go on; but it will go on under such limitations and such religious boundaries as human energies and human intelligence can devise to reserve territory for leisure, for thought, for study, for growth. Only by this readjustment of labor, by giving back to man the primal wealth of nature, and by so administering his faculties that the resources of brain, of heart, the skill of fingers and the acquired aptitude of the trades, may all be gladly invested in the wealth that leaves none wretched and none cursed with the burdens of over-wealth, the responsibility of unearned riches, shall man return to his birthright of joy. We know not which to pity more, the starveling in the back alley or the millionaire on the boulevard. If history is to be trusted there is more to be expected from the inadequate house of the mechanic than from the over-multiplied houses of the rich, multiplied homes, none of which are fully occupied—a country house for summer, a house in Europe, a house in the city and another wherever fancy leads. These are not the conditions under which great men and noble women are to be raised.

The cry of Cain comes down through the ages, "Where is thy brother?" The response is growing more and more articulate. I am going in search of him. I am here to aid my little brother, to work with my little sister, for I realize that

He with good gifts that most is blest,
Or stands for God above the rest,
Let him so think—"To serve the dear,
The lowlier children I am here.

"It is the children's bread I break;
He trusts me with it for their sake;
(Hunger I must if none it shares)
It is but mine when it is theirs."

Now may the peace and joy of the season sweeten and strengthen each one of us into the fellowship of the spirit. Amen.

If there is any one person on this earth to whom I take off my hat and wait until they safely pass, it is a school teacher. The most obscure teacher, back in the country hills, unknown, unthought of, unpraised, but with loving patience unfolding the secrets of knowledge to little frowzy headed boys and girls, can look into her mirror at evening and behold the face of an angel.

Dr. D. E. Croft.

Scott Nearing Resigns

On March 10 Professor Scott Nearing of the Toledo University gave to the press the following statement:

"During the past few days a number of prominent Toledo citizens have made statements indicating that my further continuance at Toledo University will prove detrimental to the welfare of that institution. In order that the board of directors may feel free to act for the best interests of the university, I have tendered my resignation, to take effect at their discretion.

"My utterances on the question of pacifism and patriotism have led to the storm of criticism that has been directed against me and against the university. May I take this opportunity to make clear my position?

"I am opposed to tyranny, despotism and irresponsible power, whether vested in a king, kaiser or any other individual or group of individuals.

"I believe in democracy and in the brotherhood of all men. No community can endure which ignores the Golden Rule, the basic law of social life—'Each for all and all for each.'

"Millions of people, the world over, are today seeking to overthrow German militarism. There are two methods of securing this result. The first way is to militarize all of the great nations. I am opposed to this plan because I believe that the dearest liberties of democracy must be sacrificed in the process.

"There is another method of overcoming German militarism—to promulgate a higher ideal than the ideal of militarism.

"Ideas and ideals are the most powerful and permanent things in the world, as our own history shows. A century and a half ago our ancestors immortalized themselves by broaching the idea of political democracy to a king-ridden world. Since that time, the idea has encircled the earth.

"The only possible way to save the present-day world from militarism is to cut to the root of the problem and establish an industrial democracy, which, in turn, may prove a beacon light to mankind. If we adopt militarism, we lower ourselves to the level of German militarism. If we adopt industrial democracy, we have an opportunity to raise them to our new plane of justice and liberty.

"I oppose militarism because I believe that it stands for the brute in human nature, and that if we adopt it, the democracy is doomed. I hold to the doctrine—'Peace on earth and good will among men'—because I believe that only thus can the spirit of man be emancipated and the human race be saved. They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. It is only those who are willing to overcome evil with good that can attain to the full promise of manhood.

"I revere the government that represents democracy. I honor the flag that stands for liberty and justice. So strong is my feeling on this point that I resent seeing the government turned over to irresponsible plutocracy or an irresponsible bureaucracy, just as I resent having the flag, which is the symbol of our democracy, used to cloak special privilege and shameless exploitation.

"Militarism is the madness of the past—dragging us down and destroying us. The spirit of brotherhood and good will among men is the voice of the future, calling us to a higher plane of life than humanity has ever known. To that future I have dedicated my life, and so I purpose to continue to the end of the chapter."

Professor Nearing's resignation came before the trustees on March 12. By a vote of 6 to 3 it was decided to place it in the hands of a special committee "to ascertain where the true interest of the university lies."

From the Public.

I Stand Back of Our President

At this critical period in the history of our country, I believe it is the duty of every patriotic American to stand back of our President in a spirit of loyalty and co-operation.

I am convinced, however, that the cause of humanity can never really be served by methods which array men against their brothers in a spirit of suspicion and hate. Justice cannot be permanently secured by means which prove merely the might, not the right, of a nation. Honor cannot be maintained by the organized slaughter of men by men.

The most precious possession of mankind is the spirit of brotherhood and co-operative service. Without it there is no life worth the living. Civilization advances just in proportion as men act upon a belief in their fellow-men. Since war destroys this spirit of brotherhood, which is humanity's greatest possession, war is humanity's greatest foe.

The people of every land are longing for the time when love shall conquer hate, when co-operation shall replace conflict, when war shall be no more. This time will come only when the people of some great nation dare to sacrifice the outworn traditions of international dealing and act to make the present what they want the future to be.

The United States can be the nation and this is the time. It is America's supreme opportunity.

Unflinching good will, no less than war, demands courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice. To such a victory over itself, to such a leadership of the world, to such an embodiment of the matchless, invincible power of good will this otherwise tragic hour challenges our country.

Sign and mail to Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.

(Signature).....

City.....

State.....

Send copies to your Congressmen and United States Senators.

NOTE.—If you are a patriotic American, please copy this and mail to all your friends—asking them in turn to do likewise. Thus can we show our loyalty to our President as he struggles through these dark days to keep this nation out of war.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

VIII.

The Puritans

"Freedom hath yet a work for me to do."
—Lowell, "A Glance Behind the Curtain."

We cannot trace the movement of Puritanism to any individual man as we can trace the reform movements in Germany, France and Switzerland. The average conception of the Puritan is not attractive and to appreciate him requires patience and reflection. This conception is perhaps aided by one of our really great pieces of statuary, St. Gaudens' "Puritan," a replica of which with slight modifications is now in the Court House Square in Philadelphia. St. Gaudens gives him the broad-brimmed hat of the times, a flowing robe with the wind playing through it and a monstrous book which he carries under his arm. His visage is stern and grim. All that, the Protestant was, but if you want a conception of the Puritan aristocrat, remember that the noblest of them all was John Milton. So fair and handsome was he that the boys called him the "Lady of Christ" (Christ Church). His was a face noble and full of power, but a Puritan of the Puritans.

The story of Puritanism in England is the story of a bitter fight to reform the reformers. The Protestants of Europe cut loose from Rome, its ecclesiasticism, its ritualism, its bishops and cardinals with one fell stroke and they were free to begin again. It was not so with England. There Protestantism was scarcely so much a protest against the authority of the Catholic Church, as a protest against the authority of the Pope.

The great Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn and sister of "Bloody Mary," was a Protestant in her hatred of Rome, but she liked furbelows, form and show in her religion. She loved authority and proceeded at once to set herself up as the little Pope of England and demanded popular papal recognition. Of course there was already too much thinking in England for the people to be reconciled to such dictation. Very soon there were three branches of Protestantism.

First, the Conformists who wanted to live up to the prayer book, which was patterned very closely after the Catholic ritual. They were Episcopal, stood by the Queen, recognized her authority and bowed to bishop and cardinal.

The Non-Conformists still held to the idea of a State Church, but tried to strip the prayer book of what they thought was its papal atrocities. They objected to bowing at the name of Jesus, to some phrases of the communion service, and to the ring in the wedding ceremony, because these smacked of popery. They wanted to be free to do without or use

without compulsion, but wished to remain in the church.

Then there were the Separatists. Queen Elizabeth at one time summoned her preachers, one hundred of them, to Lambeth, and they were asked by the Archbishop, "Whether they would promise conformity to the apparel established by law and testify to same by subscription of their hands." Thirty-seven refused point blank. The Archbishop had full control, with the exception of twelve ministers that the University of Cambridge enjoyed the privilege of licensing yearly to preach where they pleased, independently of any of the bishops. This threw the Separatists out of the church, but they could not be suppressed. They defied the Queen and church, held meetings, agitated and talked; they were forbidden to print. They refused to recognize the authority of the church to dictate to them their ritual and forms. There began the Puritan movement.

One of those especially licensed men from Cambridge was Thomas Cartwright, who, after having been banished to Switzerland for a time, formulated for England the Presbyterian scheme, shaped out of Calvin's Genevan material, accepting the Genevan prayer book, and not Henry VIII's. His teaching did not take much root in England, but was the basis of the creed of the established church of Scotland.

Another Cambridge student was Robert Browne, generally recognized by the Congregationalists as the Father of their movement. He threw himself tremendously into Puritanism and planted his teaching on the rational democratic idea that each congregation was its own authority, and only such rules were necessary as their own choosing might conceive. He first gathered a little group at Norwich, according to Dr. Dexter, the great historian of Puritan New England, which became the first Congregational Church in history. Other authorities give Scrooby in the north of England as the original home of Congregationalism. Still others claim that there was a Congregational Church organized in London which met in a plumbers' hall. The story of Browne is a pathetic one. He was thrown into prison thirty-six times in six years, confined in cells not fit to house a dog. Persecution became so heavy that he took his little band to Middelberg, Zealand, off the coast of Holland, where they stayed two years. He returned to England, again suffered persecution, and at last his mind seems to have weakened under the pressure, he made some kind of compromise with the clerics, and until his death eked out a miserable living as a tutor. His latter years obscured the brilliancy of his early career, and it is only recently that Browne has stood out as a figure of importance, beauty and strength.

Another little band of Congregationalists hired a ship to take them to Holland, the America of that day. To the persecuted and hunted, Holland was the free land where people might think their own thoughts in their own way. The officers, the hounds of the church, scented trouble, and after most of the women and children were on board, had the men carried off to prison. However, they finally go together at Leyden, a beautiful city, now, as then, a university town. The Dutch were hospitable and prosperous. The little band engaged in industries and trade and passed two or three very serene years under the leadership of Pastor Robinson, a gentle, fine dominie. The boys and girls of course began to talk Dutch and not English, and these Puritans saw, what all immigrants see soon or late, their own progeny becoming absorbed into the language, habits and traditions of the new country, and they resolved to return to England.

About this time the Mayflower story comes in. Three ships were first chartered, two proved unseaworthy and but one made the trip. It was decided that a good point at which to land would be Delaware or Maryland, but the ship was driven out of its course and landed instead on the sterile and dreary coast of Massachusetts.

The story of the Pilgrims is one thing and that of the Puritans another. These Pilgrims were a little band of plain, poor, laboring people. Later, in the next generation, perhaps twenty or twenty-five years later, the first settlement of Puritanism was established at Salem, Mass. These were from another strata of society. They represented culture, wealth and position and a degre of aristocracy. They believed they had the right to retain the form of the English Church and were willing to be controlled by a Bishop. Kings Chapel in Boston is our one link with the Puritan. It was meant to be in truth a King's Chapel; in it was used a ritual and, although it has been a Unitarian Church for two or three generations, the ritual is still retained. The atmosphere today is that of an Episcopal Church and the ritual is patterned after that of the high church with the offensive doctrines eliminated.

These Puritans were Non-Conformists and did not want to be Separatists. Their quarrel was not with Rome but with Henry VIII and with Queen Elizabeth, and the burnings and imprisonments, the result of English persecution. They were cavaliers, and in aristocracy, culture and many things that make life valuable they had the advantage of the Separatists.

Browning in his Cavalier Songs, "Give a Rouse," "Marching Along" and "Boot and Saddle," has shown the difference between Puritan and Cavalier. While his sympathies were entirely Puritanic, in these poems he has entered into the spirit of the other side.

He has also given in short meter a most vivid picture of the Puritan struggle in "Strafford," in which is portrayed clearly drawn, historic characters; Pym, Hampden and the rest of them.

There is a tradition that Cromwell and Hampden in the early days of their fight had engaged passage to America. Lowell, in "A Glance Behind the Curtain," sees and hears these men talking things over.

Milton, in his Elegy of Lycidas, a memorial poem to a beautiful young friend who was drowned off the coast of Wales, has exactly stated the noble side of the Separatists. The discovery of a tract written by Milton, showing that he was practically a Unitarian, led Channing to give a classic address on Milton which is one of the great estimates. At the end of his fighting years, in which he had turned his back on the classic world that he had yearned for, that he might battle for the truth as Cromwell's secretary, he wrote a great epic and took a theme worthy of his genius, the fall and regeneration of man, "Paradise Lost and Regained." He filled the story with color and many people think he wrote out a theology for them. Today the conception of the fall and rise of man is not Biblical but Miltonic.

Edwin D. Mead has reproduced one of Browne's

tracts, "Reformation Without Tarrying for Any," printed in 1582. In this he scolds and advises, ending with, "How, then, dare these men teach us that any evil thing is tolerable in the church, as though the church government could not remedy it."

Congregationalism as a church polity covers today the Unitarians, Universalists and all the Independent churches that recognize that the original source of power is in the personnel of the churches themselves and that democracy begins with the people and works up. At the present time, however, Congregationalism must be interpreted to mean a number of churches, working together, which have adopted a certain statement of belief. Many of the leaders are not Trinitarian. The real distinctive thing in Unitarianism today is not a belief in the humanitarian nature of Jesus as opposed to the Trinitarian, but back of that and far more fundamentally, it stands for a creedless church and absolute freedom of thought.

A very brilliant chapter on the Puritans is found in Greene's History, Greene having with one stroke cut loose from that fiction of the schools that separates ecclesiastic from secular history.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the difference between Conformist, Non-Conformist and Separatist?

(2) What Cambridge man is regarded by Congregationalists as their founder?

(3) What was the difference between Pilgrim and Puritan?

(4) Name poems of Browning, Lowell and Milton which deal with the religious problems of Puritan and Separatist.

(5) How did the beginnings of Protestantism in Europe differ from those in England?

Joseph Fels Is Marching On

If somewhere in the universe that big little man Joseph Fels is cognizant of doings here and now he must rejoice over the way in which Great Britain, and indeed all the belligerent countries, have taken up and applied an idea of his which once they treated with ridicule. In England today the government is putting all vacant land to use in food production. Germany did this early in the war. England has been forced to it by the recent outbreak of unrestricted submarine warfare by Germany. Mrs. Mary Fels wrote a letter to all the London papers urging such action in the first week of the war. But the English landowner would have no such interference with his rights. His land was inviolate. In the country he held it out of use for parks and game preserves. In the cities he allowed it to be used only as a dumping-place. When Joseph Fels founded the London Vacant Land Cultivation Society in 1908, after he had tried the experiment in Philadelphia, he was decried as a dangerous person aiming insidiously at the destruction of private property in land. The city governments and county councils fought his proposal in all kinds of ways interestingly detailed in "Joseph Fels, His Life Work" (Huebsch, New York). Now the society Fels founded has been given charge of all the vacant land in the London region and is producing food in large quantities for the relief of the London poor who have been terribly distressed by the rise in prices. The government that opposed the Fels idea finds it a very present help in time of trouble. The Fels program is being put into operation in rural England, too. The county boards are taking over unused land in large acreages. Big landlords are being forced to relax their grip on idle land. There were millions of acres held idle at the beginning of the war, while people in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh were starving. And that idle land paid never a penny of taxes though it was held for sale at most gorgeous prices. The adoption of the Fels idea marks a step toward the reclamation of the English land for English people. Joseph Fels, though dead, yet lives. And the war may open English eyes and the eyes of the world to the fact that the world question is the land question, and that freedom of the land is more important as a means to peace than freedom of the seas.

From Reedy's Mirror.

Lincoln and Lloyd George

To the Editor:

The English premier, in his message on Lincoln day, has read into the character and life of our martyred President some things which we cannot endorse. Lincoln was primarily an apostle of peace. He tried hard to avoid war, and went even so far as to propose compensation to the slave owners for their then property. His offer was spurned by the slave oligarchy. Only after an overt act had been committed by the firing on Fort Sumter did he take up the gauntlet thrown down to him.

Like you, I do not pretend to be versed in international law. But in deciding whether or no to be drawn into the vortex of the European struggle, I want to use common sense. And this tells me "hands off."

Lloyd George says "we today are fighting not a war of conquest, but a war of liberation." The coalition ministry evidently is at outs. Mr. Long, colonial minister, declares that the African possessions, wrested from Germany, will not, upon conclusion of peace, be restored to her. France proclaims openly she wants Alsace-Lorraine. Ex-Premier Trepoff of Russia let the cat out of the bag in the Duma by declaring that the entente powers promised Constantinople to Russia. What was the Dardanelles campaign undertaken for? Italy makes no secret of wanting Italia *irredenta*. Roumania, the open violator of a treaty as far as her Jewish subjects are concerned, could not want a war of "liberation." Rather, let us assume, she wanted a slice of Austria, if not more. Japan took Kiow-Chow and the Caroline Islands. And lastly Portugal. She, in all likelihood, seeks to pick up some crumbs from the African spread.

In these troublous times it is a hard task to be prime minister of a warring nation. But can Lloyd George's vision be so dimmed that he can no longer discern between conquest and liberation? High-sounding phrases can becloud facts, but cannot alter them.

Henry L. Frank, Chicago.

The Survey.

Temptations are often very profitable to us, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified and instructed.

Thomas à Kempis.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

OUR ILLINOIS JAILS.

In 1915 the Illinois Board of Charities sent an investigator to look at our county jails. She visited every one of the 102 counties of the state and made her report to the Board. Her report revealed our jails as dark, unwholesome, vermin-ridden traps which ought to be abolished. In some of them there were more violations of the law by the county in its sanitary and other arrangements than were charged against the prisoners detained there.

The results of this investigation are being used in an effort to secure the abolition of the county jails as they now exist, replacing them with penal farms where prisoners may find healthful open air activity and receive treatment tending to restore them to normal human relationships. This effort will probably culminate in legislation to be presented to the General Assembly at the present session.

The jails of Illinois were described at a recent meeting of the City Club by Miss Annie Hinrichsen, who made the investigation for the State Board of Charities. Miss Grace Abbott of the Immigrants' Protective League, discussed the methods by which they might be eliminated.

"The most unfortunate people in the state today," Miss Hinrichsen said, "are, I believe, the persons arrested for crimes or misdemeanors or convicted of misdmeanors and, not having enough money to pay their fines, are confined in our county jails. From earliest times in this state we have thought of a good county jail simply as one from which no prisoner could ever escape. It has been a dungeon of brick and stone.

"In 1870 the State Board of Charities made its first inspection of jails. Its report was a tale of horrors. The jails were found to be regular bastiles, which, of course, prevented escape, but which also prevented the entrance of light and air and the maintenance of ordinary sanitary conditions.

"In 1874 a law was passed by the Legislature requiring adequate ventilating, good food and sanitary conditions in the jails. Important requirements were the whitewashing of the jails every three months, the separation of men and women and the segregation of persons charged with felonious crimes. If this law, which is still on the books, were carried out, our jails would not be the reproach to our civilization that they are.

"There are three types of jails in Illinois:

"(1) The basement jail, usually in the cellar of a county courthouse. Such jails are usually damp, dark and swarming with every kind of vermin.

"(2) The stone block jail, in which it is almost impossible to get air or light into the cells.

"(3) The iron cage jail, a little better than the others in its provision for light and air, but still far below the standard that humane considerations would prescribe.

"The jails in southern Illinois are the worst in the state—outside the Chicago police jails. In these jails, for instance, the only provision for bathing is a metal tub used by everybody, including men afflicted with the worst sort of communicable disease. The bedding in these jails ranges from nothing at all to fairly good accommodations—in some places the men sleep on the floor in blankets. In one southern Illinois jail—a stone block jail—I found robbers, murderers, beggars and young boys, mixed together indiscriminately. Many of them were diseased, but the moral contagion was even worse. The jail was so cold and damp that I was chilled. Four of the prisoners were very ill, but no physician had been called.

"It would seem that in our state of civilization a law requiring the keeping of men and women prisoners in separate rooms would seem unnecessary, but in some of the jails in this state the cells of men and women are close together in the same room. This condition is made worse by the fact that many of the women are held for sex offenses.

"The fee system of feeding prisoners is a prevalent evil in all but four of the county jails in the state. Where this system prevails the keeper is given a certain cash amount for feeding the prisoners. It is a common form of graft for the keeper to feed the prisoners very cheaply, providing them insufficient food or food of a poor quality and to pocket the difference. The keeper of the Sangamon County jail created a real sensation a little while ago by saying that he would take only the money actually spent. He provided what seemed to me to be fairly satisfactory food at a cost of 15 cents a day, but other counties use from 30 cents up. And, of course, if the jail is not filled up, the jailer loses a profit. One of the worst effects of the fee system is that the prisoners realize that the jailer is grafting upon their necessities. The moral effect is disastrous.

"The police jails in Chicago are the worst in the state. Nineteen of these jails are in basements and eleven of them are so abominable that they ought to be blotted from the map.

"Our state has tolerated these jails in the past because of the failure of public opinion to measure up to its duty. They will not disappear from our state until the public demands that its attitude to the prisoners—a humane attitude which looks to reformation rather than punishment—be expressed in decent, healthful buildings providing opportunities for work and moral regeneration.

The Chicago City Club Bulletin.

THE COLLECTORS.

I wasn't but a little boy
When I collected butterflies;
And next I took to postage-stamps,
And then cigar bands were the prize.

I had a lot of birds' eggs, too,
And horseshoes—some were red with rust,
My hornets' nests were thrown away—
The maid said *they* collected dust.

But mother whispered not to mind,
For she had a collection, too,
And showed me just the queerest lot—
A baby's cap, a small pink shoe,

A rubber cow, a yellow curl,
A ragged book of A B C,
A letter, thick with blots, I wrote
When she was once away from me.

I wouldn't give a quarter for
The stuff, but mother thinks it's fine,
And only laughed when I remarked
It wasn't valuable, like mine.

But when it comes to keeping things,
She gives me pointers, you can bet!
I sold or swapped mine long ago,
But mother has her rubbish yet!

—*Eunice Ward.*

Work thou for pleasure,
Paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest,
Tho' the body starve.
Who works for glory
Misses oft the goal.

Who works for money
Coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake
Then, and it may be,
That these things shall
Be added unto thee.

—*Kenyon Fox.*

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